Very Sneaky

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Very Sneaky

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Summary

“You’re covered in blood, the innocent act is fading fast,” Will notes, unable to keep the amusement out of his voice.
Hannibal is sneaking around, and it's unfortunate that the man he's chosen to spend his life with can see right through his bullshit.

Notes

This is pure fluff and a little cracky because I just needed some, okay? Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes

“Hannibal, I put on a linen suit for you, and all your attention is on this damn scar,” Will scolds fondly. He’s watching in the vanity mirror as he tries to tie his tie, made all the more difficult by his husband nuzzling at his cheek scar. It was jagged, despite Chiyoh's efforts during recovery, and sometimes there were still phantom pains, but he had accepted it relatively quickly. It hadn’t been that hard to accept, though in the early days he found himself touching it and considering all that had to happen to finally get where they were now. Hannibal was particularly attached to it, not as much as he was to the scar on his stomach, but in moments like these, it was like a magnetic attraction.

“Perhaps I’m simply enamoured with the symbol of your true self breaking through your skin, rising to the surface,” Hannibal murmurs. Will rolls his eyes in mock annoyance.

“More like it was torn out of me by force,” he remarks, and he can feel Hannibal’s smile against his skin. He leans more into the touch, his eyes closing as Hannibal starts dotting kisses down the jagged mark. But just when he starts to fully relax, Hannibal pulls away, Will refraining from letting out a whine at the sudden loss.

“We should be on our way if we’re going to be on time,” Hannibal says casually, as if a mere minute ago, they were going to forget about the damn wine tasting event and just stay home. He removes his jacket from a hanger, and smiles over at Will. “You seem perturbed.”

Will narrows his eyes at him through his reflection in the mirror as he adjusts his tie again, before giving up and losing it altogether, undoing the top button of his shirt. “I was just thinking about how I’m going to thank you for making red velvet cake with buttercream frosting from *scratch* today, but we sadly have to go to this event that you’re hellbent on attending.”

“An intriguing offer, to be certain,” Hannibal concedes, his eyes trailing over Will’s now exposed neck. “You are welcome to do so later this evening, if you wish.”

“If I wish,” Will scoffed, turning around to look back at him. “How presumptuous.”

“Merely hopeful,” Hannibal answers back, opening their bedroom door and extending a hand. “Shall we, then?”

“After you.”

Will takes a sip of wine and lets it roll around his tongue as he surveyed the crowds around him. It’s a Cannonau, and Hannibal had told him that its main notes include leather, cherries, and tobacco smoke. Will decides he can’t really taste all of that, but he does like it. Hannibal had mentioned that he was planning on purchasing a bottle, to go with a charcuterie platter he was thinking of preparing. Honestly, Will thinks it would pair fine with relaxing in front of the fire until they fall asleep/pass out, but he’s more than willing to let Hannibal do whatever he wants.

He has another sip of the wine when he notices a man inside the crowd that looks oddly familiar. The man with red hair and his back turned to Will, holding a glass of Pinot Noir and talking to some other woman. Will studies him for a few more moments when the reason for the familiarity finally clicks.

"What the hell happened to you?"

It's a crass question, phrased in a crass manner, and Will decides to not entertain the man for the moment. Instead, he pointedly ignores him and turns his attention back to his glass of bourbon.

"Really, what kind of accident leaves you with that kind of scar? Damn, that's fucking nasty."

"A hunting accident," Will says offhandedly, draining his glass, while squeezing Hannibal's thigh his his free hand to smother the slowly burning embers of murder in his eyes. "We'll be on our way, now."

Will finishes the Cannonau and goes in search of Hannibal, but is distracted when he goes inside for a refill and ends up in a conversation with Professor Medina about her new litter of puppies and her upcoming criminology lecture. He's wrapped up enough in the conversation he doesn't realize Hannibal has slid up behind him until he gently rests a hand on his hip.

"Cassandra," he nods in greeting. "Always lovely to see you."

"Julius," she smiles into her Riesling. "Your husband and I were discussing Rosa's new litter, they're all nice and healthy."

"Wonderful. I won't be surprised, then, when I arrive home to another dog in our home," Hannibal says, giving Will a teasing smile. The three of them continue their conversation for a while, but Will is increasingly less focused as the hand on his hip starts to trace very slow circles in maddening little patterns, that only grow more testing when Cassandra walks away to speak to another colleague. God*damn,* he's been on it today.

...*<u>That's</u> a cause for suspicion,* Will suddenly thinks. But he starts to forget about it when Hannibal turns the charm up all the way.

"I think I'd like to retire early," Hannibal murmurs against the shell of Will's ear. Will turns to accept the affectionate gesture with a kiss and a smile.

"And I think that's one of the best ideas you've had in a while."

As Hannibal completes his purchases, Will looks back to where the redheaded man from before was standing, only to see that he is gone. Odd, he thinks. He's just seen him no more than ten minutes ago. But Hannibal finishes, and off they go, and will pushes the thought away.

They head out to the car, each carrying a bottle of wine. When they're no more than a few feet away, Hannibal reaches into his pocket for the keys and offers them to Will.

“I’m going to wrap the wine so they don’t roll too much in the back and ruin the flavor. Would you be so kind as to start the car so it will start to warm?”

“Sure,” Will agrees, taking the keys and handing over his bottle. Seeing as Hannibal is now more occupied with adjusting his cufflink that is apparently snagged on his sleeve, he unlocks the car, puts the keys in the ignition, and pops the trunk. He turns up the heat as Hannibal nodded his thanks in the mirror, moving things around the back before closing the trunk with a little more force than usual. He then gets into the driver’s seat and they pull out of the parking lot.

Will shoots Hannibal a look when they go over a speedbump a little faster than necessary, but Hannibal moves his hand from the gearshift to slide down and across Will’s thigh, nice and slow, full of promise. Just a touch, but it’s enough that Will forgets his smart comment.

“I was planning on using some of your bourbon in a rib dish I’m prepping for tomorrow’s dinner. Would you mind?” Hannibal asks.

“You’re making ribs, I don’t care what alcohol you use,” Will says, then narrowed his eyes. “What’s your game?”

Hannibal's face is expressionless as he focuses on the road. “Are you implying something, Will?”

“You’re playing a game, I can tell,” Will says. “I can read you like a book.”

“Of course,” Hannibal says, an amused smile pulling at his lips. “I would expect nothing less.”

When they arrive home, Wil stretches his neck and gets out of the car, yawning. “I’m going to take a shower. Unless you want me to help prep.”

“Go on ahead,” Hannibal says. “I’ll be upstairs shortly, it shouldn't take me very long.” Making his point, he pops the trunk and walks over to unload the contents, waving Will on his way. Will shrugs, and heads inside and up the stairs.

He swears that he hears something like gasping but then almost as soon as he notices it, the noise is gone. He shrugs again and shakes the thought from his mind.

After a long, hot shower, Will steps into the bedroom and is slightly miffed that Hannibal *still* isn’t in there. Wrapped in a towel, he opens the bedroom door to enter the hallway when he’s suddenly blocked.

That roadblock would be Hannibal, and even after living with him for what seems like *ever* and knowing him for even longer, Will almost has a heart attack.

“Jesus Christ,” he mumbles against Hannibal's lips as he maneuvered back into their room. “That’s fucking creepy when you do that.”

“My apologies,” Hannibal murmurs back, nothing but mirth in his tone as he reaches for where the towel is tucked into itself on Will’s waist. “Let me ask for forgiveness.”

Too exhausted to even lift his head, Will keeps his eyes closed as Hannibal gently rubs away the few remaining strains of tension in his neck, murmuring soft words and praises.

It’s *perfect.*

Will is *this* close to slipping fully into sleep when the hand on his neck is suddenly gone. *Odd,* he thinks hazily, usually Hannibal will curl up even closer than thought possible. Or sometimes Will shifts in his sleep and ends up pressed against his chest, and is comforted by the sound of his heartbeat.

But now, strangely, he feels the shift in the mattress as Hannibal actually *gets out of the bed.* He pretends to be deeply asleep as he listens for footsteps, for the sound of doors opening and closing, but hears nothing.

Damn it, he’s married to a fucking *cat.*

After a while, that could have been anywhere from five to twenty minutes, he managed to get enough energy to sit up and survey the room. No sign of Hannibal, not in their bathroom, not shuffling through the clothes for something, not even sitting in the darkest corner to watch Will sleep (and Will *knows* he has done this because he caught him doing it once or twice.) Nowhere to be seen.

Curiosity getting the better of him, he braves putting his feet on the cold floorboards, and stumbling over to the closet. Rolling his eyes at the silk robe Hannibal insisted on purchasing (he really doesn’t hate it, but he can’t let Hannibal have *every single* victory) he puts it on, ties a knot to secure it, and slips out into the hallway.

No sign of Hannibal out here, either.

Maybe he’s downstairs, though Will still isn’t sure why.

He makes his way silently down the stairs, looking around for Hannibal, and deciding that more likely than not he’s probably in the kitchen Once in the kitchen, he notices the roast is in the oven, slowly turning brown. Everything else is pristine, though a few of the knives are missing from the block.

And as soon as Will notices that the light to the *stairs* down to the cellar is off, but the light in the *actual* cellar is on, it all clicks together.

He rolls his eyes, a little fond, but not entirely. He’s more than a little exasperated, honestly. He takes the top off of the decanter of bourbon on the counter, and pours himself a decent-sized glass. He has a sip, then leans in a perfect pose on the counter, and just *waits.*

It takes a while but eventually Will can just make out the outline of his husband’s shape as he silently makes his way up from the depths of the cellar. And just when Hannibal takes his

first steps into the kitchen, Will reaches over and flips on the light switch.

He catches the blink Hannibal can't suppress as he adjusts to the sudden change of light, and Will smiles with glaring fake innocence.

There is blood all over Hannibal's hands, soaking the skin all the way to where his sleeves are pushed to his elbows. Blood is splashed against his shirt and one lone dot is right beside Hannibal's upper lip. However, he maintains his perfectly crafted composure, and manages an almost genuine smile. "Good evening, Will."

"I suppose it is," Will answers back with a smile, having another sip of his bourbon, not changing his position in the slightest.

"I assumed you would be asleep."

"You supposed *wrong,"* Will says, setting the glass down on the counter and folding his arms across his chest. He raises an eyebrow. "Nice little trick you pulled. Shame it didn't work the way you planned."

"It has worked before."

"Except this time you used it on someone who *knows* you. And I *know* that when you are *particularly* pleasant, you are up to nothing good."

"Oh?"

"You're covered in blood, the innocent act is fading fast," Will notes, unable to keep the amusement out of his voice. "I can probably guess who's down there. Very clever, doctor. Misdirection is a specialty of yours, and you're very good at knowing what buttons to press."

"What a lovely compliment. I can almost *taste* the sentiment."

"Hannibal," Will sighs, closing his eyes and taking a deep breath, ready to continue when Hannibal interrupts.

"Will, I had no intention whatsoever to upset you. He was rude to you and I am taking care of it as we speak. Also -"

"That's present tense, you're still not done?"

"...I am making it...*last,* so to speak."

"And you're going to clean it afterwards?"

"Of course."

Will considers this for a moment, then lets himself smile again. "I forgive you," he declares. "On a condition."

"Whatever you would like."

“That’s a lot of power to hold,” Will teases. “And my request is simple: breakfast in the morning.”

“As you wish,” Hannibal says, a smile cracking through his mask that Will can see through anyway. “May I finish my work?”

Will nods. “You may. I’m going back to bed.”

They exchange good-nights and a quick kiss, and both return to their respective rooms and tasks, with Will encouraging Cephy to join him on the bed and opening a book to read while absently stroking her fur.

Hannibal finishes his work, and cleans the blood from the floors and his table, and puts away the leftovers in the freezer. He’ll put out the trash in the morning. In the meantime, he washes his hands and heads back upstairs and is ready fall asleep in his bed with Will, only to find himself stopped by the lock on the bedroom door.

“Will?” Hannibal calls out.

“Oh, sorry, I can't hear anything,” is called back through the door. “I fell asleep after sex with my husband so I can't hear him dismembering and reassembling a corpse in the basement. Come back in the morning.”

“You are not as charming as you think yourself to be.”

“Can’t hear you, shhh, I'm sleeping in oblivious bliss to my surroundings.”

(They work through this spat in the morning, after Hannibal unlocked the door with a key within ten minutes of their back-and-forth and Will burst into laughter at the incredibly put-out look on his face. Their promise to not bother keeping secrets from the other is sealed with a bottle of the Cannonau and getting tangled up together in front of the fireplace.)

End Notes

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